

BOATS OF THE SEA SHIPS, PLUNDER AND

# PIRACY



SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



# PIRACY



NO. 4  
MAY

10¢





# PIRATE MASTER

HE WAS KNOWN AS SATAN, THE PIRATE... THE TERROR OF THE SPANISH MAIN! BRAVE MEN BLANCHED, WOMEN HOWLED, AND CHILDREN WAILED AT THE VERY MENTION OF HIS NAME. EVEN HIS OWN CREW FEARED THIS MERCILESS WAR. HE WAS SADISTIC AND BLOOD-THIRSTY... THE CRUELEST SUGGESTION TO HAVE EVER FLOWN THE FAMILIAR JOLLY ROGER. HE STOOD NOW AMIDST HIS OUT-THROAT BARRAGE THE DECK OF THE WATER DRAVE, EYING THE DISTANT S.S.S.

WELL, STARRKY? SPEAK UP, YE SCUT! WHAT DO YE MAKE OF HER? IS SHE A BAW-O-WART?

SHE'S A FULL-ROGGED BARKANTINE, CAP'N SATAN! FLIES THE UNION JACK! CARRIES TWELVE GUNS 'Y' EACH SIDE... TEN-POUNDRERS, BY THE LOOK OF 'EM! 'TIS A MERCHANTMAN, Y'LL BE BOUND...



A MERCHANTMAN, EH... FILLED WITH THE GOLD OF THE WEST INDIES... THE TREASURES OF PANAMA... THE JEWELS OF THE BANANAS! FLIES THE UNION JACK, EH? WELL, WE DON'T MIND CUTTING A FEW BRITISH THROATS, SO WE LARD OFF WITH YE, THEN! TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS! WE'LL TAKE 'ER, BY GOD...



THE HOT LUST OF GREED COURSED THROUGH THE PIRATES, AND EVERY MAN SENT HIS BACK TO THE BLOODY WARE AHEAD. SOON, THE HAPLESS MERCHANT SHIP WAS CHASED DOWN AND FULLY ENRAGED. NUMEROUS VOLLEYS SWIFT HER DECKS AND RIPPED HER RIGGING...



FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR, THE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED... UNTIL THE MAJOR SHOT WAS MANEUVERED ALONGSIDE THE OUT-GUNNED MERCHANT SHIP, AND A BOARDING PARTY LED BY SATAN HIMSELF RUSHED THE STRICKEN VESSEL.



YE KNOW WHAT'S EXPECTED OF YE, M'HEARTIES! GOLD STEEL FOR ALL WHO STAND IN OUR WAY AT 'EM LADS!

IT WAS SATAN, HIMSELF, WHO RAN HIS SWORD THROUGH THE MERCHANT SHIP'S CAPTAIN, THEREBY BRINGING A HOLT TO THE STRUGGLE...



KEEP FIGHTING, LADS! DON'T... GYAAAAHH!

THE CAPTAIN'S FALLEN! WE'RE LOST!

QUARTER! WE'RE YOUNG! GIVE US QUARTER!

WOMEN, EH? WELL, WE'LL ATTEND TO THEM LATER! RIGHT NOW, WHAT ABOUT THESE SILKE MATE?



THEY FOUGHT WELL UNTIL THEIR CAPTAIN WAS KILLED! I SAY PUT 'EM IN THE LONG BOAT WITH SOME FOOD AND WATER AND SET 'EM ADRIFF!

YOU'RE GETTING SOFT, STANKEE! A BIT TOO SOFT! BUT YOU'RE A GOOD MATE... SO I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU, ALL RIGHT! SET 'EM ADRIFF!



THE BATTLE WAS HARD TO HAND NOW, WITH CUTLASSES AND DIRKS FLASHING STEEL AGAINST STEEL. THESE MORTALLY WOUNDED SPILLED BLOOD UPON THE DECK SO THAT PIRATE AND MERCHANTMAN SLIPPED AND STUMBLER IN THEIR DEATH STRUGGLES...



THUS THE BATTLE ENDED, BUT NOT THE CHAOS. THE CHAOS OF TERRIFIED SURVIVORS, ALL THAT WAS LEFT ALIVE OF THE MERCHANTMAN'S CREW, EYED CAPTAIN SATAN FEARFULLY...



WHAT'S THE WORD, STANKEE?

SHE'S CARRYING GOLD BULLION VALUED AT 100,000 GUNSEAS! THE MANIFEST LISTS SILKS, SATINS, AND SPICES! THERE ARE PASSENGERS BELOW... FOUR MEN AND... TWO WOMEN!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE MERCHANT CREWMEN EAGERLY PULLED AWAY FROM THEIR BATTERED SHIP, SCARCELY ABLE TO BELIEVE THEIR GOOD FORTUNE...



... WHILE ON DECK, CAPTAIN SATAN GRINNED EVILLY AND PATTED THE SNIVEL-GUN.



YE BLIMP SOUL! DID YE THINK I'D LET THOSE SASSY KIDS OFF SO EASY? I'M NOT RUNNING A PLAGUED CHARITY BALL! NOW, SHUT UP AND STAND BACK!



I WAS ALWAYS A FINE HAND WITH A SNIVEL-GUN. THOUGH I MIGHT BE A LITTLE RUSTY! THE PRACTICE WILL DO ME GOOD...



CAPTAIN SATAN'S FIRST SHOT WAS A DIRECT HIT. THE IRON BALL STRUCK THE LONGBOAT BROADSIDE, SPLUTTERING IT AND SENDING ITS POOR UNFORTUNATE OCCUPANTS INTO THE SEA.



SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S FACE FLUSHED RED. HE GRIMACED AND TURNED TO THE COMPASSIONWAY LEADING BELOW DECK.

STAND AWAY FROM ME NOW, YE SLUTTER SWEETHEARTS! I'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT A NEW WAY TO HANDLE THESE PASSENGERS! I'M TIRED OF WATCHING THEM WALK THE PLANK OR BEING 'EM FLOORED T' DEATH! SO, STAND CLEAR WHILE I THINK!



THE PIRATE CAPTAIN WAS JUBILANT! HIS CREW STARED AT HIM WITH AWE AND FEAR.



THE CREW SHRANK BACK AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN FACED THE DECK.

WHAT MAKES HIM LIKE THAT, STARKEY? I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF BLOOD LETTING, BUT ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! WHAT'S IN HIM THAT MAKES HIM KILL AND KILL... I DON'T KNOW, MEH? I'VE BEEN WITH HIM MORE'N TWO YEARS NOW AND HE'S STILL A MYSTERY TO ME! I'D GIVE A SHEET OF DOUBLOONS IF I COULD LEARN WHAT GOES ON IN THAT MIND O' HIS!



STARKEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE THAN AMAZED IF HE'D LEARNED WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HIS DOUGHTY CAPTAIN'S MIND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

BLAST IT! HERE I SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT HOW TO GO AWAY WITH THE PASSENGERS BELOW AND INSTEAD, I KEEP THINKING ABOUT VIOLA...



OH, THOSE AWFUL YEARS. THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED THEM WITH A SHIVER. VIOLA'S MOTHER, NOW SHE'D BROW-BEATEN HIM. AND NOW HELPLESS AND TERRIFIED HE'D BEEN OF HER.

MY DAUGHTER SHOULD HAVE HAD MORE SENSE THAN TO MARRY A STUPID LOUT. AN IGNORANT GLOD... A DOLT... AN IDIOT LIKE YOU? A BLACKSMITH... HAH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW? WHAT HAVE I DONE?



ONE DAY! ONE DAY! MY VIOLA WANTS HER COMFORT NOW! DOLT! GLOD! LOUT! OR! SET OUT AND EARN MONEY NOW!



THE PIRATE'S THOUGHTS WERT BACK ALONG THE SEA LANES OF MEMORY TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE IN CORNWALL WHERE HE'D BEEN A BLACKSMITH... LONG BEFORE HE'D EARNED HIS AWESOME REPUTATION OR CHANGED HIS NAME FROM JUNIPER BELL TO THE FEARFUL CAPTAIN STARKEY...

JUNIPER! JUNIPER BELL! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS KEEPING YOU? VIOLA AND I ARE HOLDING DINNER FOR YOU!

GRAT! THAT VOICE! MY MOTHER-IN-LAW! A FACE LIKE A WITCH! A TEMPER LIKE A VICIOUS DOG! SOMETIMES I WON... I... I...

COMING, MOTHER DEAR! COMING!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? MY POOR DARLING HAS TO WEAR A DRESS THAT WOULD SHAME A REGENT'S WIFE AND WHY? BECAUSE SHE MARRIED A USELESS, STUPID OR?

BUT I... I DO MY BEST! I WORK HARD AT THE SMITHY ONE DAY, I WENT TO PROGRESS AND...



AND THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED NOW, SEETHING WITH RESENTMENT BUT PARALYZED BY FEAR OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, HE'D RUN FROM HIS HOUSE TO THE BOOKS OF THE NEARBY SEAPORT TOWN WHERE HE'D SMELL THE SEA AIR AND YEARN FOR THE COURAGE TO TAKE A DECIDING STEP...

I'M NO DOWARD! THE ONLY HUMAN I FEAR IS SHE... MY MOTHER-IN-LAW! IS RUN AWAY TO SEA ONLY I'M AFRAID SHE'D FIND ME, SOMEDAY!

FIST! HOOO! THERE'S A LIKELY ONE!



AND THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED HOW THE DECISIVE STEP WAS TAKEN FOR HIM...



GRUNNINGS!

THE CAPT'LL LIKE HIM! HE'S A HEALTHY SPECIMEN!



I... I SAY! I'M WITH YOU!

I'M FREE! FREE AT LAST! I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SEE MISSA ON HER KNEES AGAIN! MEYER, I'VE ESCAPED!

HE REMEMBERED COMING TONIGHT LATER, AND FEELING THE ROLLING DECK BELOW HIM AND HEARING THE CREAK OF MASTS AND THE FLAPPING OF SAILS OVERHEAD...



WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?

YOU'RE AROUND MY SHIP, M'BOY! THE WATER SPOKE! M'NAME'S CAPT'N JAMPOUSE CATES! I FLY THE JOLLY ROGER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



YOU'RE AROUND MY SHIP, M'BOY! THE WATER SPOKE! M'NAME'S CAPT'N JAMPOUSE CATES! I FLY THE JOLLY ROGER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

THE SEA-PECKED EX-BLACKSMITH TOOK TO PIQUING HIS EAGERNESS, SPILLING FORTH ALL OF THE HATE OF HIS PAST LIFE INTO THE VIOLENCE OF HIS NEW-FOUNDED CAREER. FOR A YEAR OR MORE HE ROVED THE SEAS WITH CATES AND EARNED A REPUTATION FOR CRUELTY AND BADISM UNMATCHED EVEN AMONG THE MURDERERS AND CUT-THROATS THAT FOLLOWED THE SAME PROFESSION...



THEN, AS IT MUST TO ALL MEN, DEATH CAME TO CAPTAIN CATES IN THE FORM OF A CHARGE OF GRAVE SHOT FROM THE CANNON OF A DOOMED SPANISH GALLION. MORTALLY WOUNDED, HE WAS ENOUGH TO HIS CABIN BY JAMIE'S BELL, WHO, BY THEN, HAD ADOPTED THE NAME OF SATAN.



I'M DYIN', SATAN. CASHIN' IN M' COPS! TAKE OVER THE SHIP AFTER I'M GONE! THOW ME T' THE SHARKS!

AYE, CAPT'N CATES! I'LL CARRY ON FOR YE!

SO CATES DIED AND WAS CONSIGNED TO THE SHARKS, AND THE NEW CAPTAIN ASSEMBLED HIS PURSUE CREW.

WE'VE BEEN ME! T'D AS LEAVE OUT OFF A MAN'S CARD OR TOSS A WOMAN TO THE SHARKS AS NOT? IF ANY OF YE HAVE ANY GUNS, AS ABOUT SERVICE UNDER CAPT'N SATAN, SAY THE WORD! IF NOT, WE'LL SAIL T'GETHER AND WE'LL GROW RICH!





CAPTAIN SATAN REMEMBERED HOW ONE OF THE PIRATES HAD STEPPED FORWARD IN PROTEST...



I WAS WITH GATES FOR TEN YEARS! I AMN'T TAKING ORDERS FROM NO LANDLUBBER JOHNNY-COME-LATELY!

THAT'S RIGHT, HUND!

NBODY'D MOVED. CAPTAIN SATAN HAD SMILED...



THEN I TAKE IT WE SAIL! ALL RIGHT! INTO THE HIGGINS! UNFURL SAILS! HELMSMAN! HARD 'AFORE!

ARE, ARE, SIR!

...AND NOW HE'D SHOT THE PROTESTER POINT-BLANK...



YOU CAN'T VERY WELL... WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!

YAAHHHH!

ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO OBJECT TO ME TAKIN' OVER COMMAND OF THIS SHIP?



THIS SATAN'S CAREER AS PIRATE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN LAUNCHED... A CAREER OF VIOLENCE, TREACHERY, AND MURDER... A CAREER OF CRUELTY AND TERROR. IT WAS AS IF THIS MAN FEARED NO ONE. HIS EVERY ACTION LIVED UP TO THE NAME HE'D CHOSEN. HIS WAS TRULY THE WORK OF A SATANIC FIEND... A DEVIL...



LET NO MAN ON BOARD SURVIVE! STRING 'EM UP BY THEIR THROATS! KEEPLAND 'EM! MAKE 'EM WALK THE PLANK!

EACH CONQUEST... EACH PIRACY SPILLED A NEW BLOOD IN INHUMANITY...



YOU CHAINED ALL THE CREW AND PASSENGERS BELOW DECK BEFORE YOU BLEW 'ER, STREETT?

YEA, SIR... EXACTLY.

GOOD! GOOD! THEY'LL HAVE CAUSE TO FEAR ME! THE TERROR OF THE SPANISH MAIN THEY CALL ME! WAIT! I'VE JUST BEGUN!



YES, CAPTAIN SATAN REMEMBERED IT ALL, AS HE STOOD THE DECK. FINALLY THE BLOODTHIRSTY-PEARLESS SUCCEEDER MANAGED TO BRING HIS THOUGHTS BACK TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND...



STARKEY! I'M READY FOR THE PASSENGERS! BRING 'EM UP ON DECK! THE WOMEN FIRST! I'LL WHET MY OUTLASS BLADE ON THEIR SOFT NECKS!

AYE, AYE, CAP'N!

SUDDENLY THE SCREAMING STOPPED. CAPTAIN SATAN'S FACE BLANCHED WHITE. THE WOMEN TURNED TO FACE THEIR TORTURER...



MOTHER AND...  
CHORE...  
DAUGHTER...

SO? SO IT'S YOUR JUNKYER DELL, YOU GUYS? YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF? MAKE THESE DIRTY REAGENTS TAKE THEIR HANDS OFF US! AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT SWORD? PUT IT DOWN, YOU GAY!

BEHIND HIM, HIS CREW'S LAUGHTER RANG OUT OVER THE TOSSEING SEA. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW RAVED ON. THE ONCE-FEARED CAPTAIN SATAN WAS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OBJECT OF RIDICULE NOW. HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS MEN AFTER THIS...



JUNKYER DELL? YOU TURN THIS SHIP AROUND THIS MINUTE? YOU'RE GOING HOME... TO GOTHAMWALL... TO YOUR BLACK-SMITH SHOP... WHERE YOU BELONG! YOU DOLT? YOU STUPID FOOL? WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GO AS I GAY!

Y-YES, MOTHER!

GOOD-BYE... JUNKYER!

HAW HAW! JUNKYER!

THE PIRATES ROARED WITH LAUGHTER AND LEFT THEIR BROKEN AND BEAT-EN CAPTAIN ON THE DECK OF THE MERCHANTMAN. THEY LEFT HIM TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH, AND AS THE WINTER SPRITE SAILED OFF, CAPTAIN SATAN COULD STILL HEAR THEIR LAUGHTER... ECHOING OVER THE WAVES...



HOLD UP, STARKEY! CAN'T YE HANDLE A PAIR OF FEMALES? HERE! STAND ASIDE! I'LL CUT 'EM DOWN WHERE THEY ARE!

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF WHORECATS, CAP'N! MOTHER AND DAUGHTER...




VIOLA! MOTHER! I... I...

YOU, NOTHING, YOU GLOB... YOU BIF... YOU IDIOT! THOUGHT YOU'D RUN AWAY, DID YOU? WELL, WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO AMERICA... TO LOOK FOR YOU! AND NOW WE'VE FOUND YOU!




GO AS SHE SAYS, JUNKYER! GO HOME, JUNKYER! HAW HAW!





# THE KING'S BUCCANEER



A boy from an obscure Welsh village visited Bristol, England, in 1653. His name was Henry Morgan and this trip was the greatest adventure of his eighteen year old life. Bristol, with its tall ships, bustling waterfront and colorful sailors who swarmed on the docks, fascinated young Morgan. He listened open-mouthed as the seamen recounted tales of their adventures in far-off places.

No Welsh village could ever please him again, so he signed on a merchant man as a cabin boy and sailed off to the Barbadoes. Morgan soon realized that it was far easier to make one's fortune dishonestly than to work hard as an honest able-bodied seaman. When the ship reached Jamaica, he deserted.

Here, for several years, history does not record what happened to him. He turned up again in the year 1668, when Spain and England were, as usual, at war. The Britishers swore to drive Spanish shipping out of the New World. To do this, certain unscrupulous captains were given letters of marque and commissioned to wage war on Spanish merchantmen. Among the captains thus selected was one Henry Morgan, for the boy from Wales was now the master of his own ship and had earned a very unsavory reputation.

Along with some of the roughest sea dogs ever to unfurl a mainsail, Morgan set out to destroy the Spanish galleons. By agreement with the Crown, Morgan had promised to turn

over all properties, wealth and prisoners he captured. This was according to the terms set down in the letters of marque. Morgan, however, had no intention of following the rules. He was hired to wage war on Spain and this he did with a will. Turning over his booty was something else again.

The Spaniards soon learned that Henry Morgan was at work. He paided their settlements, sank their ships, pilloaged and looted their storehouses and buried his booty all over the West Indies. His biggest job was the sacking of Panama. In 1671, with a handful of men, he landed at Colon, marched across the Isthmus, cleaned out the treasures of Panama and recrossed the Isthmus again, pausing long enough to bury the treasure somewhere along the route.

After the war, Morgan was knighted for his service to the Crown and as Sir Henry, appointed governor of Jamaica. His administration was corrupt and marked with drunken revels which soon ruined his health so that he was unable to go back and collect his treasures from the places where they were hidden.

Since Sir Henry Morgan's death in 1688, many eager treasure seekers have dug in hundreds of places along the beaches and in the lush jungles of Panama and throughout the West Indies, but all without success. The treasures' secret hiding spots remained a secret that died with Sir Henry Morgan, the King's Buccaneer, the unquestioned Champion Pirate of them all.

# BY THE BOOK

YOU'D THINK THAT OF ALL THE THINGS I'D SEEN AND DONE IN 1812, THE SCRAPES WE'D HAD WITH SOME OF THE BRITISH FIRST-LINE SHIPS WOULD BE WHAT I'D REMEMBER MOST. BUT THEY'RE *NOT*! WHEN I THINK OF THE WAR, I THINK OF MIDSHIPMAN DAVID PRICE AND HIS *BOOK*. AND I THINK OF OUR SHIP, THE CORVETTE *ARROW*, AND NOW, WHEN WE'D ENGAGED THE LIMCY *ANGELSHAWK*, WITH HER FORTY-THREE STARBOARD GUNS THUNDERING AWAY AT US AND TWELVE-POUND IRON BALLS SHRIEKING PAST OUR HEADS, REARAD PRICE PICKED THAT TIME TO ARGUE WITH ME AND MY GUN CREW...



IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE *NAVY MANUAL*, WARNER! IT SPECIFICALLY STATES THAT A CANNON MUST BE *CAREFULLY CLEANED* AFTER EACH ROUND FIRED!

SIR, I GOT NO TIME TO STOP AND READ, NO MORE THAN WE GOT TIME TO STOP AND CLEAN OUR GUNS!

I REMEMBER TURNING BACK TO MY GUNS TO LEND A HAND, MR. PRICE STILL BAYING OVER REGULATIONS IN HIS *BOOK*, AND ME GLAD HE COULDN'T HEAR WHAT I SAID OVER THE BOOMIN' OF THE BATTLE...

*JAB JACK* WITH ONLY FIFTEEN GUNS TO THE SIDE, WAS TAKING AN UNMERCIFUL POUNDING FROM THE *ANGELSHAWK*, SO WE LIT OUT. BUT I WAS SORRY WE'D QUIT THE FIGHT. I'D HAVE RATHER FACED THE LIMCY CANNONS THAN THE WRATH OF MIDSHIPMAN PRICE...



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR *MANUAL* AND SHOVE IT INTO A CANNON AND FIRE THAT AT THE LIMCYES THAT OUGHT TO STOP 'EM!

ACCORDING TO THIS *MANUAL*, THE MEN UNDER MY COMMAND... AND THAT INCLUDES YOU, MR. WARNER... ARE *PARTICULARLY SUBJECT* TO ORDERS WHILE UNDER FIRE! YET, YOU CHOSE TO *IGNORE* ME WITH REGARD TO CLEANING YOUR CANNONS! I WILL NOT TOLERATE *DISOBEDIENCE*! THE *MANUAL* SAYS



WE ALL LISTENED RESPECTFUL ENOUGH TILL MR. PRICE FINISHED LECTURING US AND LEFT. THEN WE LAUGHED AT HIM...



CLEAR THE CANNONS, HE SAYS! IT'S LIKE TO USE HIM AS A **RANNOO!**

LORD, WE COULD OUTHUN ANYTHING AFOULAT WITH THE BRIDGE THAT YOUNG WIRD-ING BLOWS UP! HIM AND HIS BLASTED BOOK!

BUY THE TIME I REMEMBER BEST ABOUT MIDSHIPMAN PRICE AND HIS BOOK WAS JUST AFTER TWO OTHER CORVETTES, THE **GUNBOY** AND THE **ADAMS**, JOINED US AT SEA. WE WERE FEELING OUR WAY THROUGH A THICK FOG, WHEN SUDDENLY, LIKE A GREY BLANKET, IT LIFTED...



SAILS-HO! BRITISH MEN O' WAR!

IT WAS THE **SIS AMERICAN** AGAIN, THIS TIME FLANKED BY THE **ADAMANT** AND THE **SHANNON**. THE THREE LIMBY SHIPS WERE A BARE QUARTER-LEAGUE AWAY AND BEARING DOWN ON US...



RUN CREW! TO YOUR CANNONS! ON THE DOUBLE!

HOLD ON THERE, HARPER! THE CAP'N GAVE NO ORDERS, ACCORDING TO THE MANUAL, NO ACTION SHALL BE...

MR. PRICE NEVER FINISHED. THERE WERE PUFFS OF WHITE SMOKE FROM THE BRITISHERS, AND SECONDS LATER, CANNONBALLS WERE SHRIEKING OVERHEAD. CAPTAIN CANNELL BELLOWED FROM THE BRIDGE...



WE'RE SAVING THE **GUNBOY** AND THE **ADAMS** TIME TO PUT ABOUT AND RUN FOR IT! MAN ALL BATTLE STATIONS!

IS IT ALL RIGHT NOW, MR. PRICE?

THE **FOXY** WAS BEING SACRIFICED TO SAVE HER SISTER SHIP. IT JUST HAD TO BE DONE, I RECKON. SO WE WAITED, LIKE A HELPLESS SPARROW WAITING FOR THREE HAWKS TO POUNCE UPON IT. THE **SIS** BRITISHERS MOVED CLOSER AND CLOSER, BLASTING AT US ALL THE WAY...



THEY'RE IN RANGE NOW. LADE! FIRE AT WILL!

MR. HARPER! HAVE YOUR MEN CONCENTRATE ALL OUR CANNON ON ONE TARGET!

THAT'D BE **SUNGOKE**, MR. PRICE! HOW CAN WE HOLD OFF THE OTHER TWO IF...

IF YOU'LL LOOK IN YOUR **MANUAL**, MR. HARPER, YOU'LL SEE THAT NO LESS AN AUTHORITY THAN **COMMODORE PERRY** HIMSELF SAYS...



MR. PRICE HAD BEEN HIDING ME WITH HIS BOOK OF REGULATIONS FROM THE TIME THE ENEMY RADAR HAD SPOTTED US. FINALLY, IT EXPLODED...



TO BLAZE WITH YOUR BLASTED MANUAL, MR. PRICE! STAND BACK AND GIVE US ROOM TO FIGHT!

MR. HARPER, I'LL HAVE YOU PUT IN IRONS FOR THIS! THE MANUAL SPECIFICALLY STATES THAT...

I TURNED TO PRICE, THINKING HE'D BE HAPPY, BUT HE WAS POINTING TO SOMETHING IN HIS BOOK AND SCREAMING AT ME...



INSUBORDINATION, MR. HARPER. I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST FOR INSUBORDINATION!

AYE AYE, SIR! KEEP FIRING, WE'VE GOT TO WIN!

WE CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SMOKE COVER AND SURPRISE THE BASEBORNE, MR. PRICE! GET SOME VOLUNTEERS, TAKE A LAND MINE. NOW OVER TO HER. AND...

I UNDERSTAND, SIR! WE'LL BLOW HER TO BLAZES, SIR!



MR. PRICE GOT ALL RED AND FLUSTERED AND STARTED TO DIVE INTO HIS BOOK AGAIN, WHEN A MIGHTY BLAST SHOOK THE SEA AND THE AIR ALL AROUND US...



IT'S THE SHANNON, BOYS! BY GOD, WE GOT HER MAGAZINE!

JUST THEN, CAPTAIN CAMBELL CAME ALONG AND SAVED THE DAY FOR ME...



MR. PRICE! HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! THE SMOKE IS SO THICK FROM THE SHANNON THE BRITISH CAN'T SEE US! WE COULD TURN AND RUN FOR IT NOW, BUT I HAVE A BETTER PLAN...

AYE, SIR?

MR. PRICE AND A FEW OF THE BOYS HEARD THE CAPTAIN AND WE DIDN'T WAIT TO BE ASKED. WE HURLED INTO THE LONGBOAT WITH MR. PRICE AND LOVERED AWAY. THE MIDSHIPMAN, HE JUST SAT THERE WITH THE MINE ON HIS LAP, SHIVERING, AND STUDYING HIS BLASTED BOOK...



...MOST BRITISH CAPITAL SHIPS CONSTRUCT THEIR POWER MAGAZINES TWENTY TO THIRTY FEET AFT STARBORDS BERM...

THE MACEGRAN WAS FIRING BULDS AND THE HEAVY THUNDERING OF HER TWELVE-POUNDS DIRECTED US STRAIGHT TO HER, THROUGH THE BLACK, BILLOWING, CHOKING SMOKE FROM THE EXPLODED SHAMPOO. WE WENT OUR BACKS OVER THE OARS LIKE WE WERE HEADED FOR SHORE LEAVE...



WE WERE ABOUT FORTY YARDS FROM THE MACEGRAN WHEN THE WIND CLEARED THE SMOKE AWAY. WE WERE LIKE SIFTING DUCKS FOR THE LIMEYS WHO SPOTTED US AND OPENED FIRE WITH MUSKETS...



MUSKETBALLS WERE PEPPERING THE WATER AROUND US. WE'D TURNED, SO THAT OUR LONGBOAT WAS BROADSIDE TO THE MACEGRAN. MR. PRICE PICKED UP THE WIRE AND PUT ONE LEG OVER THE GUNWAL. I GRABBED HIM...



AND THEN THE COVER OF SMOKE BEGAN TO THIN AND WE COULD SEE THE FLASHES OF THE BRITISHER'S CANNON...



MR. PRICE, SIR THERE'S A WIND BLOWING UP, SHIFTING THE SMOKE AWAY FROM US! WE'LL BE EXPOSED!

NEVERTHELESS, HARPER, WE'LL GO ON TO OUR OBJECTIVE, UNLESS WE'RE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER. I'M SURE YOU WON'T FIND IT IN THE MANUAL THAT A CHANGE OF MIND IS AN EXCUSE FOR A CHANGE IN ORDERS!

MURDERMAN PRICE PUT DOWN HIS BOOK AND THE WIRE. THEN HE REMOVED HIS WAISTCOAT AND SHOES...



I'LL SEE ABOUT THE WIRE, HARPER!

SIR, I'M BIGGER THAN YOU AND STRONGER! AND I'M A BETTER SWIMMER! LET ME TAKE IT, SIR!

HE CAME BACK ALL RIGHT. HE TURNED AND BUTTED ME, AND I HAD TO LET GO OF HIM TO GRAB WHERE IT HURT... IN MY BELLY...



GUHNNNN!

THANKS ANYWAY, HARPER!

I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS BOAT, HARPER, AND I GIVE THE ORDERS! IF YOU DON'T LET GO, I'LL CONSIDER THE AN ACT OF MUTINY! THE MANUAL STATES THAT...

TO BLAME WITH THE MANUAL! COME BACK HERE!

HE SLIPPED BENEATH THE WAVES AND DIS-  
APPEARED. I THOUGHT HE'D SUNK, HOLDING ON TO  
THAT HEAVY MINE. BUT HE CAME UP AGAIN ABOUT  
THIRTY YARDS FROM THE LOOMING BRITISHER...



SOME SMART OFFICER ON THE BRITISHER MUST'VE  
REALIZED THIS. HE ORDERED THE GUN STILLER. MR.  
PRICE WAS ABOUT TEN YARDS FROM THE MACDONALD'S  
HULL BY THEN. THEY COULDN'T KEEP BUT HIT HIM.



WE'D JUST ABOUT REACHED THE TROY WHEN ONE OF MY  
MEN DROPPED HIS OAR AND POINTED. WE ALL LOOKED  
AROUND AND CHEERED. MR. PRICE HAD COME UP AGAIN,  
CLOSE INTO THE WATER LINE. BENEATH THE UNDERBULGE  
OF THE MACDONALD, WHERE THE LIMBS ON DECK COULD  
NOT SEE HIM...



WE STARTED ROW BACK TO THE TROY. THE LIMBS  
SPOTTED MR. PRICE AND THEIR MUSKETS BEGAN RATTLING  
AND LITTLE BOYS BEGAN JUMPING UP ALL AROUND  
HIM, BUT THE BIG GUNS OF THE MACDONALD WERE SHAKING  
HER SO, THEY COULDN'T SEEM TO HIT HIM...



MR. PRICE SAH BENEATH THE WAVES, THE MACDON-  
ALD'S CANNON SCUM SPITTING FLAME AND IRON  
AGAIN...



MR. PRICE SET THE MINE AND SLIPPED BENEATH THE  
CHUMPING WAVES. THE LAST THING WE SAW WAS HIS  
ARM... IN A KIND OF FINAL, FAREWELL, SALUTE...





FOR A FEW SECONDS, NOBODY BREATHED. EVEN THE MACEONIAN'S GUNS FELL SILENT. THEN THE MINE BLEW...



THE MINE BLEW AND IT TOOK POOR MIDSHIPMAN PRICE WITH IT. THE ECHOING ROAR FADED AWAY AND THEN THERE WAS QUIET, EVEN FROM THE SMOKE-BILLERING SHAWANO AND THE SURVIVORS.



AND WHEN THE AIR CLEARED AND WE WERE BEING HALLED BACK ONTO THE FAY, I TURNED AND SAW THE MACEONIAN.

BY GOD, SHE'S GOT A HOLE IN 'ER! SO BIG SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S SWIMMIN'! LOOK AT 'ER LIST!

MR. PRICE DID ITT HE... HE DID IT!



WE WATCHED THE OVERHEAR MOVE IN TO HELP THE MACEONIAN AND LASH TO HER BATTERED SISTER SHIP AND TAKE HER IN TOW. AND THE SHAWANO, WITH SMOKE STILL COMING FROM HER HULL, LIMPED AFTER THEM...



BEFORE I CLIMBED OUT OF THE LONGBOAT, I FOUND SOMETHING. I LOOKED UP, AND THOUGH A LOT OF OUR SAILS WERE IN SHREDS, OUR GLORY WAS STILL BAYING THERE... BECAUSE OF ONE MAN.



SO I TURNED, FEELING EMPTY INSIDE AND HEARDED WHAT IT'D FOUND INTO THE CHURNING SEA...



# COMING ATTRACTIONS!



**The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!**  
HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS..

## VALOR

THE OLD DRYBROOD LOOKED UP WITH HORROR AND AWE AS HIS TREMBLING HANDS WERE STRETCHED ACROSS A BOULDER AND HIS CHAINS WERE SNATCHED WITH THE BLOW OF A BATTLE-AXE..



THE SERP STOOD BREATHLESSLY...UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...WATCHING THE KNIGHT AND HIS RETENUE RIDE OFF INTO THE MIST, AND HE NO LONGER WORE CHAINS..



**SCREAMING ACTION! BLAZING GUNS! EXPLODING FIRES!**  
TAKE TO THE COMBAT SKIES IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

## ACES HIGH

YES, THAT'S HOW IT WAS. EVERY DAY, WE GALLANTLY FOUGHT A GALLANT ENEMY... WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM? WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN IT HAPPENED. THE CO. COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER JANDOFFEL IT'S AIRDOME... WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BATTING VON KRIEDLING'S HQ, "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...



And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics!  
Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace  
of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...



# PSYCHOANALYSIS

THE SUBJECT'S ANXIETY PASSED  
OUT THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM.  
THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD...

THERE'S SOMETHING OF THE TRICKLE-  
A BAD MARRIAGE... INSTANT  
SCANDALS OVER BEARING THE  
CHILD... THE FATHER IS KILLING  
ONE WAS THE MOTHER, THE  
OTHER, NO WONDER THE BOY'S  
IN A STATE OF REBELLION AGAINST  
BOTH OF THEM!



THE DOCTOR NODDED TO THE  
SUBJECT. THE BOY HESITATED,  
THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...

HOW HE STARED AT HIS SURROUND-  
... FRIGHTENED... UNCOMFORTABLE,  
HE THOUGHT I WANT SOME-  
THING OF HIM, TOO!



LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY.  
CAREFULLY, YOU'VE FAILED  
YOUR STUDIES... YOU PLAY  
HOOKY FROM SCHOOL.  
YOU'VE SHIPPED SHORTS.  
YOU WON'T PLAY THE  
FLAND OR PAINT... YOU  
SCARCELY GO OUT! WHEN  
YOU DO, YOU STEAL  
TOOTHBRUSHES!

I...  
I  
DON'T  
KNOW!



AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING  
A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED!  
AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED  
BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL  
OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRE-  
SENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

**LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!**

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS,  
FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL  
TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME 8 ISSUES OF THE  
MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE  
ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

- ☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH  
☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS  
☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE  
NO.

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ PANIC

☐ PIRACY

# THE

# SHEBA

The *Sheba* died. I killed her. I split her sleek hull on a lance of coral. I broke her timber bones on a reef and the taste of vengeance was sweet, so sweet. I'd beaten her. In the end, it'd finally beaten her. I knelt there, on that tropical island beach, and I gloated and laughed aloud with the joy of what I'd done...

PERHAPS YOU'LL THINK THAT MAD, LAUGHING OVER THE DEATH OF A SHIP. BUT IT WASN'T MADNESS. *THE SHEBA* DESERVED TO DIE. FOR ALL THE HATE SHE'D HELD FOR ME. IT HAD BEEN HER LIFE, OR *MY* LIFE... RIGHT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING.



I REMEMBER STILL... MY FATHER... THE SHIPWRECK. THE ACCIDENTS... WE'D HELPED TO BUILD THE *SHEBA*, MY FATHER AND I. AND EVEN THEN, I KNEW... I KNEW SHE WAS EVIL.

AGAIN! SHE TRIED TO KILL ME AGAIN!

DON'T BE A FOOL, BEN! THE *SHEBA* IS JUST ANOTHER SHIP! YOU TALK AS IF SHE WERE ALIVE!



SHE IS ALIVE, PA!  
I KNOW! I FEEL  
IT! SHE HATES  
ME BECAUSE I  
KNOW HER SECRET!  
SHE'S EVIL AND  
SHE WANTS TO SEE  
ME DEAD!

STOP IT! YOU'RE MYSTER-  
IOUS! I TELL YOU THE  
SHEBA IS JUST ANOTHER  
SHIP! IN A WEEK, SHE'LL  
SLIDE DOWN THE WAYS AND  
YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER  
AGAIN! NOW, STOP IT AND  
GET BACK TO WORK!

MY FATHER WAS WRONG ABOUT HER, BUT HOW COULD I  
PROVE IT? I WENT BACK TO WORK AND A WEEK LATER  
WE STOOD ON THE WAYS, WAITING TO BRING OUT THE TIM-  
BERS THAT WOULD SET THE SHEBA FREE.

HEY, BEN! GIVE US A  
HAND HERE, WILL YOU?

AS I STEPPED FROM THE WAYS, THE AIR WAS SU-  
DDENLY WENT BY A SHIVERING REPORT. THE THICK  
HARDEN, RUNNING FROM THE SHEBA'S CAPSTAN,  
ANCHORING HER FAST, SNAPPED LIKE A CHILD'S  
PIECE OF STRING.

THE SHORING TIMBERS SPLINTERED LIKE MATCHSTICKS  
AS THE SHEBA STARTED DOWN THE WAYS. PA NEVER HAD  
A CHANCE.

PA! LOOK OUT! PA!

WHAT WAS THAT?

PA! THE SHEBA!  
SHE'S MOVING!

THEY SAID, AFTERWARDS, THAT IT WAS JUST  
ANOTHER ACCIDENT, BUT IT WASN'T! I KNEW.  
THE SHEBA SNAPPED HEN HARDEN! SHE'D  
KILLED PA! BECAUSE SHE HATES ME! I BURNED  
HIM. I CRIED, AND THEN I SEARCHED FOR  
HER...

DON'T YOU SEE? I WASN'T A SAILOR! BUT I COULDN'T LET  
HER BEAT ME! THAT'S WHY I SIGNED ON HER NAUGHTY VOYAGE!  
AND SHE KNEW! SHE KNEW!

THAT BOOM! IT'S  
SHOOKER LOOSE!

BEN! LOOK OUT!

IS THIS THE  
SHEBA?

THAT'S RIGHT, SAILOR!  
LOOKIN' FOR A BIRTH  
ON 'ER?

THE CAPTAIN BLAMED THE STORM FOR THAT LOOSE-SWIMMING BOOM. BUT IT'D BEEN MEANT FOR ME. I KNEW IT! WE WERE AT WAR, THE ANNA AND I. I WATCHED HER AFTER THAT. FROM BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL, TO THE HORN, I FOUGHT HER. AND SO, I LIVED TO COME HOME...

STRANGER? I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SIGN ON AGAIN, BEN. AFTER ALL THOSE HARBOR ESCAPES? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE ANNA?

I DON'T? BUT I HAVE MY REASONS, CAPTAIN?



YES, I HAD MY REASONS. BUT HOW COULD I KNOW WHAT WAS TO COME? I WENT ABOARD... AND I MET HER. NOW, DOESN'T MATTER. I MET HER, AND THE HAPPINESS OF MY LIFE... THE BROODING AND THE HATE... SEEMED TO MELT AWAY.



I FOUND SWEETNESS AND GENTLENESS IN HER. ONE DAY I HELD MY BRACE IN MY ARMS... I CARRIED HER ACROSS A THRESHOLD AND THE ANNA WAS FAR FROM MY THOUGHTS. FROM MINE... BUT NOT FROM HER'S.



DEARLY, THOSE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES! YOU'RE CRYING? WHY?

BECAUSE, BEN... WE HAVE SO LITTLE TIME!

MUST YOU GO. WENT MUST YOU SAIL?

YES, I MUST! I... I DON'T WANT TO. NOW... BUT I MUST!



OH, THEY WERE SWEET, THOSE DAYS WITH HER. BUT THEY ENDED SO QUICKLY. TOO SOON, I SPOONED ON THE ANNA'S DECK, AND I HEARD THE CAPTAIN SHOUT HIS ORDERS, AND I SAW THE SAILS SWIRLED FULL, AND I SAILED FROM MY BRIDE...



I'LL COME BACK, BEN! I'LL BEAT HER AND I'LL COME BACK! I... I PROMISE!

I WAS THINKING OF HER AND NOT WATCHING THE ANNA. SHE CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD.



BEN? THE DEAD-EYE LINE! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

SHE'D FILLED HER SAILS WITH WIND. SHE'D STRAINED AT HER RATLINES. SHE'D TORN THE DEAD-EYE LOOSE, SWINGING ONE OF THEM AT ME. I MOVED... TOO LATE.



WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

THE DEAD-EYES SPLIT MY HEAD OPEN, BUT I LIVED... AND AFTER THAT I BORE THE SEAR OF THE SHEN'S HATE UPON MY BROW. SHE'D HUNTED ME AND STRUCK, BUT I'D LIVED. AND NOW I FEARED HER. SHE WAS STRONGER THAN I, AND I WAS AFRAID SHE'D WIN A FINAL VICTORY IN THE END. FOR MONTHS I LIVED WITH THAT FEAR UNTIL MY NERVES COULD STAND NO MORE...



NO? SHE WON'T KILL ME? I WON'T LET HER KILL ME?

STRONG WANTS DECEED ME... HELD ME... AND I SHRIEKED IN MY TERROR...

LET ME GO, YOU FOOLS! LET ME GO! SHE'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T GET AWAY! SHE HATES ME! LET ME GO!

HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! TAKE HIM TO THE LAZARET!



SEN! MEN, CAN YOU HEAR ME? WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU ASHORE! YOU NEED REST... QUIET. THERE'S AN ISLAND OFF STARBOARD. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I KNOW THE TRADER THERE. HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU UNTIL YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE A SHIP HOME.



I UNDERSTOOD, BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I COULD HEAR THE SHEN CHUCKLING... LAUGHING... EVEN AFTER THEY TOOK ME ASHORE...

THAT'S THE STORY, M'PORESON? HE'S SICK? WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM?

AYE, THAT I WILL, POOR LAD. HE'LL BE COMFORTY TILL THE NEXT SHIP PUTS IN!



ONE DAY, IN MY DELIRIUM, I RACED FROM THE FOD'DLE, SCREAMING MY FEAR OF HER...

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HER!

HE'S DAFT! HE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE GOT HIS SKULL CRACKED! STOP HIM! HE'S AFTER THE LONGBOAT!



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHEN WASN'T A CRUEL MAN. HE HAD NO CHOICE. FOR THREE TORTUROUS WEEKS, I SHRIEKED IN THE DARK DARK HOLE. THAT WAS THE LAZARET. I SWORE... I THREATENED... I SCREAMED... UNTIL I COULD SCREAM NO MORE...



POOR DEVIL! HE SEEMS QUIET ENOUGH NOW! GET HIM OUT OF THERE!

AYE, SIR...

THEY LEFT ME, AND I WATCHED THE SHEN SAIL AWAY TRIUMPHANTLY. BUT SHE HADN'T WON. NOT YET. I WAS ALIVE... SAFE. AND SOON, I'D BE GOING HOME. SHE HADN'T BENTEN ME.

SEVEN WEEKS AND STILL NO SIGN OF A SHIP, M'PORESON? WHY?

I WISH I KNEW, LAD! THE LAZARETH WAS DUE IN LAST WEEK. PERHAPS THE TYPHOID DECLARED HER.



THE ELIZABETH HAD FOUNDERED!  
I KNEW. THE SHOM HAD BEATEN  
ME AGAIN. AFTER THAT, I  
FROWLED THE BEACH, SEARCH-  
ING...PRAYING FOR A SAIL. THE  
WEEKS WERE ONE LONG ENDLESS  
NIGHTMARE OF LONELINESS...



'HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE TORMENT...  
THE LONGING...THE BAPTNESS I KNOW  
I WAITED. I ENDURED. FOR THREE  
HOPELESS MONTHS. BUT IN THE END,  
I WON! IN THE END, I EVEN BEAT  
THE SHOM...

'BENT SAILS' LOOK!  
TWO SHIPS! ONE OF  
'EM'S THE SHOM!' I'D  
KNOW HER ANYWHERE!

'THE SHOM'  
SHE'S COME  
BACK!



THAT'S RIGHT, LAD. AND AT  
THE OTHER'S THE  
ELIZABETH! THEY'VE  
BOTH DRIPPED ANCHORS  
OUTSIDE THE REEF!  
WAIT TILL THE MORNING  
TIDE. TOMORROW, YOU'LL  
BE ON YOUR WAY HOME!



THEY LAY AT ANCHOR ALL NIGHT OUTSIDE THE  
THUNDEROUS REEF. TWO SHIPS. ONE TO TAKE ME  
HOME. AND ONE TO BREAK VENGEANCE UPON! WHAT  
I DID, I HAD TO DO! I HAD TO BEAT HER! FINALLY!  
IRREVOCABLY!



I SWAM OUT TO THE SHOM, CLIMBED ABOARD HER,  
AND SILENCED HER WATCH...



THEN, I HACKED HER ANCHOR HANSEN IN TWO...  
SETTING HER ADRIIT...



PENHAPS I WAS A LITTLE MAD! BUT IF I WAS THE SHOM  
HAD MADE ME MAD! THE INSHORE CURRENT WAS STRONG. I  
TOOK THE WHEEL TRIUMPHANTLY. THE SHOM LEAPED FOR-  
WARD...TOWARD THE REEF...TOWARD HER DEATH...



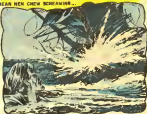


SHE DIDN'T EVEN FIGHT ME. SHE DIDN'T YAW. SHE WENT ON... AS IF SHE *NEW* THAT IT WAS THE END... AS IF SHE *WELCOMED* IT...



THE *SHERA* DIED, SINKING, AS THE SEA POUNDED INTO HER. AND SO, I REMAINED THERE ON THAT TROPIC ISLAND BEACH, AND I GLOATED AND LAUGHED ALONG WITH THE JOY OF WHAT I'D DONE... I'D *FINALLY* BEATEN HER!

SHE HIT THE KEEL ANGERILY, COUGHING AND BROODING... HER HASTS AND SPARS CRACKING AND TUMBLING... HER PLANKS SPLINTERING. AND INSIDE HER, I COULD HEAR HER CREW SCREAMING...



THEY FOUND NO CORPSES IN THE MORNING. THE *SHERA*, EVIL TO THE END, HAD GIVEN UP NO SURVIVORS. I REGRETTED THAT. BUT NOW SHE WAS *GONE*, DESTROYED AT LAST. WHAT HAD TO BE, HAD TO BE. YOU SEE THAT, DON'T YOU? NOW I COULD FIND PEACE... AND HAPPINESS.



THE *ELIZABETH* TOOK ME HOME. AND ALL THE WAY, I LAUGHED INSIDE. I THOUGHT OF THE *SHERA* AND HURDED THE JOY OF MY VICTORY. AND THEN THE DAY CAME AT LAST WHEN I WENT TO FIND ANOTHER JOY, NEXT...

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SEN! WHEN THE CAPTAIN OF THE *SHERA* CAME HERE TO TELL IVY WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, SHE... SHE... SEN, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER? I THOUGHT IVY WAS WITH YOU!

WITH ME?!



A CHILL WIND TOUCHED ME. I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED HOW THE *SHERA* HAD THROWN HERSELF ON THE KEEL... SO WILLINGLY. I SUDDENLY FELT THE FULL MEASURE OF HER REE...

YES? SHE WENT TO YOU? THE CAPTAIN SAID HE COULD GET BACK BEFORE THE *ELIZABETH* PICKED YOU UP? IVY SAILED ON THE *SHERA*?

SHOCK...



THE END

# INHERITANCE

THE WAR PRIGATE *JAN DE JAYNE*, HAVING COMPLETED A LONG FLEETING TOUR OF DUTY IN THE NEW WORLD, WAS RETURNING TO FRANCE. ONE FALL DAY IN 1789, THE CREW WAS ASSEMBLED ON DECK TO WITNESS A LASHING. DISCONTENT AND UNREST HUNG HEAVY OVER THE SHIP. THE LASH FELL, AND ALL ON BOARD WINCED AT ITS CRACK. THE PRIGATE'S CAPTAIN, COUNT CHARLES DEVIANT, MOODED AND THE LASH FELL AGAIN. ON THE QUARTER DECK, EMILE DEVIANT, THE COUNT'S BROTHER SMILED...



EMILE DEVIANT TURNED, GRIM-FACED, TO THE SAILOR WHO HAD SPOKEN. BEYOND, THE CRACK OF THE LASH ECHOED THROUGH THE SEA AIR...



THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF THE LASHING SAVED, UNCONSCIOUS. THE COUNT HELD UP HIS HAND...

THE UNCONSCIOUS SAILOR WAS CUT FROM THE MAST AND DROGGED BELOW...



AS IF THINGS WERE NOT BAD ENOUGH! LATELY, YOUR BROTHER ACTS LIKE A MADMAN! HIS TREATMENT OF US IS UNBEARABLE!



HOLD YOUR LASH! HE'S FAINTED! CUT HIM DOWN AND THROW HIM INTO THE SEA!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS BARRAGE! I KNOW THAT SEVERITY AND DISCIPLINE ARE THE RULE IN OUR NAVY, BUT MY BROTHER CARRIES IT TOO FAR! I WILL SPEAK TO HIM!



IT WILL DO NO GOOD, LIEUTENANT! YOUR BROTHER LISTENS TO NO COUNSEL, BUT HIS OWN!

THAT EVENING, IN THE COUNT'S QUARTERS...



WELL, EMILE? I SAW YOU WHISPERING WITH THE CREW. WAS MY LESSON FOR TODAY SUNK IN?

SORRY, DEAR BROTHER. YOU LEFT THEM UNIMPRESSED! THEY SPEAK FRANKLY WITH ME! THEY THINK I AM THEIR FRIEND! THE IDIOTS!



BUT *SOMEONE* HAS TO SPEY AMONG THEM, EH, CHARLES? *SOMEONE* HAS TO KNOW WHAT THE PIDS ARE THINKING! FRANCE IS IN A PERIL! WHAT IS THIS PRIGATE BUT A FLOATING PIECE OF HIS MAJESTY'S REALM? THE HIERARCHY IS THE SAME! A TYRANT... LIKE YOU... AT ITS HEAD...

PUT THAT WINE DOWN, SCUM! IT'S *MINE*!



CHARLES? I AM YOUR BROTHER! CAN I NOT DRINK WHAT YOU DRINK?

NO! I AM THE COUNT! THE TITLE IS MINE! THE RICHES ARE MINE! YOU ARE NOTHING! A NOBODY! A WERE LIEUTENANT UNDER MY COMMAND! I COULD HAVE YOU LASHED IF I LIKE! EVEN *EXECUTED*!



ABANDON THIS SHIP! I HAVE AS MUCH POWER AS *LOUIS HIMSELF*! I AM AN ABSOLUTE RULER. NEVER FORGET THAT, EMILE!



YOU'VE NEVER LET ME FORGET THAT, CHARLES! HOW LUCKY FOR YOU TO BE FIRST-BORN... HEIR TO THE DIVINITY LANDS, TITLES... AND FORTUNES... WHILE I AM A PEARLLESS NOTHING!



YOU WIGHT AT LEAST *CONCEAL* YOUR GREED AND ENVY FOR THE ADVANTAGES THAT ARE MINE BY INHERITANCE, EMILE! BUT, *NOT* SINCE YOU COULD *FIRST* SPEAK, YOU HAVE BLEATED YOUR *ENVY* OF ME!

DO YOU *BLAME* ME, CHARLES? YOU ARE AN ENVIABLE CHARACTER! YOU HAVE AN ENVIABLE POSITION!

LOOK AT YOU! ABSOLUTE MONARCH OF ALL YOU SURVIVE! THE RICHEST COUNT IN BRITAIN! WHAT HAVE **YOU** TO WORRY ABOUT?



YOU KNOW VERY WELL! THE MUTINIOUS SITUATION ABOARD MY SHIP! THE SAME GROUNDSWELL THAT IS PLAGUING ALL FRANCE! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE DANGERS. IT IS **YOU** WHO HAVE BEEN REPORTING THEM TO ME!



SO I HAVE! AND IF IT WERE NOT FOR MY SPYING IN THE **PO'C'BLE**, REPENTING EVERY PLOT, YOUR SHIP WOULD NOT BE FILLED WITH WOULD-BE MUTINEERS. VERY LIKELY, THE SHIP WOULD BE IN **THEIR** HANDS NOW, AND **YOU'D** BE FEEDING THE **FISHES**!



BUT WHAT IS THE GOOD OF YOUR SPYING AND MY REPRESSINGS WHEN THE CREW ONLY GETS **MORE** MUTINOUS?



THAT, MY DEAR BROTHER, IS BECAUSE **YOU** USE THE **LASH** INSTEAD OF THE **SWORD** ON THOSE VILAINS. **BUTCHER** A FORT **REVERENCE** THEM! TERROR IS WHAT THESE SWINE **RESPECT**! I'LL PICK OUT A FEW SACRIFICIAL OFFERINGS FOR **YOU** **TONIGHT**... THE MORE **OUT-SPOKEN** OF THEM!



TELL ME ONE THING, **EMILE**. HOW DO YOU LIVE WITH YOUR **CONSCIENCE** AFTER BETRAYING THOSE MEN?



**CONSCIENCE**, DEAR BROTHER? I HAVE NO CONSCIENCE! **CONSCIENCE** IS A **BURDEN** ON AN AMBITIOUS MAN! AND I AM AMBITIOUS. THE MORE SERVICE I RENDER UNTO **YOU**, THE MORE YOU WILL **APPRECIATE** ME... AND **REWARD** ME! **EN?**



...PRETENDING TO THE CREW TO BE THEIR **FRIEND**. THEN **STABBING** THEM IN THE **BACK**? I SHOULD HATE TO HAVE **YOU** FOR AN ENEMY!



SO WOULD I, DEAR BROTHER! **SO** WOULD I! GOOD-NIGHT!



THE **FOOL**! THE MISERABLE SHUFF-FINCHING FOOL! I CAN'T **WAIT** FOR THE MOMENT WHEN I CAN SEIZE HIS TITLES, HIS LANDS, HIS MONEY! AND THE TIME IS NEAR... **VERY** NEAR!



LATER THAT NIGHT... IN THE **PO'C'BLE**...

BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST! HE INTENDS TO **SEIZE** SOME OF YOU AND **EXECUTE** YOU! YES, **PERHAPS**... **COLD-BLOODED MURDER**... TO PUT YOUR UNTER **TERRORE** OF HIM!



B-BUT WHY? HAS HE SOME **MAD** FURTHER **TERRORE** WILL ONLY DRIVE US TO **MUTINY**!

AN' THAT **FORGOTTEN WORD**? I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D EVER HAVE THE COURAGE TO **OFFER IT**! WHAT **OTHER RESOURSE** HAVE YOU? WILL YOU LET YOURSELVES BE **SLAUGHTERED**, ONE BY ONE, LIKE **LAMBS**, TO SATISFY HIS **INSANE WHIMS**?



**NO! NEVER!** IT WOULD BE BETTER TO **DIE FIGHTING!**



THAT'S MORE **LIFE**! IT'S THAT'S A **MAN** TALKING... NOT A **WORM**! **MUTINY?** YES? THAT IS YOUR **ONLY WAY OUT**? I... AN OFFICER IN THE **MAYT OF FRANCE**... MUST **PAINFULLY AGREE** WITH YOU? IT IS **YOUR LIFE**... OR THIS **MADMAN'S**!



BUT WE COULD NEVER **RETURN TO FRANCE**? WE'D ALL BE **HANGED**!



UNDER **ODDINART** CIRCUMSTANCES, **YES**? BUT YOU ARE FORTUNATE IN HAVING **ME** ON YOUR SIDE... ME AS YOUR **LEADER**... YOUR **PRO-TECTOR**? I WILL **SPEAK UP** FOR YOU WHEN WE REACH **FRANCE**!



REMEMBER? I WILL BE THE **NEXT** COURT DEVERNY ON MY BROTHER'S DEATH. WHEN WE REACH **CHERBOURG**, I WILL REPORT THE **MUTINY** AS A **REBELLION** AGAINST A **MAD-MAN**? YOU WILL ALL BE **EXECUTED**... THE **ARMY** OF **LOUIS** WILL BE **ANGRY**... AND YOU WILL **SAIL UNDER ME** FROM THEN ON!



WHEN, WHEN WILL WE **START**?



I WILL GIVE THE **SIGNAL** AT THE **RIGHT MOMENT**! BUT YOU MUST NOT **FAIL** ME! THE **COUNT**, **EVERY** OFFICER AND **MATE** ON HIS SIDE, MUST **PERFECTLY** BE **ALST** SURVIVE! YOUR LIVES WILL **DEPEND** ON IT WHEN WE REACH **CHERBOURG**!



AND SO, AS THE **SUN OF LOUIS** KNIFE THROUGH THE **MIDNIGHT** SEA TOWARD **FRANCE**, **EMILE DEVERNY** CRACKLED TO HIMSELF...

MY PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE! THE **SUN** IS **LOADED** AND **POINTED** AT **CHARLES**' HEAD! ONLY THE **TRIGGER** HAS TO BE **PRESSED**! THE **RIGHT MOMENT** WILL **COME** AND THEN I WILL **SAIL** INTO **CHERBOURG**... **HIGH TITLED**... AND **FAMOUS**!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING A **FRENCH MERCHANTMAN** WAS **SPOTTED**...

THEY **SIGNAL** THAT THEY DESIRE A **CONFERENCE** WITH THE **FRIGATE** COMMANDER... **ALONG**? THEY SAY IT IS OF THE **UTMOST IMPORTANCE**? THEY HAVE A **SECRET MESSAGE** TO **DELIVER**!

VERY WELL? **SIGNAL** THEM THAT I WILL **COME ABOARD**? **EMILE FLOWER** THE **LONG-SHOTT**!



THE LONGBOAT WAS LOWERED AND COMMANDER DEVIANT WAS ROWED TO THE MERCHANT SHIP...

I WILL GO ABOARD ALONE!  
THE REST OF YOU WILL  
REMAIN IN THE LONGBOAT!



AS YOU WISH,  
SIR?



A HALF-HOUR LATER, COUNT DEVIANT EMERGED FROM THE MERCHANT SHIP'S CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS. HIS FACE WAS GRIM...

NOW WILL YOUR CREW *LIKE* YOUR  
NEW ORDERS...TURNING BACK TO  
THE NEW WORLD?



THEY WILL HAVE  
TO LIKE IT! THEY  
HAVE NO CHOICE!



WHEN THE COUNT RETURNED TO THE *ASH ST LOUIS*, HE CALLED A MEETING OF HIS OFFICERS...

...RETURN TO MARTINIQUE? BUT  
SIR, WE JUST CAME FROM THERE!  
WE HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM FRANCE  
FOR TWO YEARS! NOW, TWO DAYS  
EARLIER FROM CHERBOURG, WE MUST  
RETURN TO THE WEST INDIES? IT  
IS MAD! CRUEL! THE CREW WILL  
NOT STAND FOR IT!

THE CREW  
WILL OBEY  
ORDERS!



BUT THE CREW  
IS DISTURBED  
AS IT IS! WHEN  
THEY HEAR  
THIS NEWS,  
THEY MIGHT  
REBEL...



ANY REBELLION WILL BE PUT DOWN  
WITH *BLOODSHED*! ANY MUTINEER  
WILL BE SUMMARILY *EXECUTED*!  
IN FACT, AN *EXAMPLE* WILL BE  
SET THIS AFTERNOON! I HAVE SOME  
NAMES OF WOULD-BE MUTINEERS...  
EMILE!

I-Y-ES,  
SIR?



THAT AFTERNOON, THE CREW WAS SUMMONED ON DECK TO WATCH THE  
LATEST PUNISHMENT. TWO CREWMEN, ACCUSED OF PLOTTING MUTINY,  
WERE TO BE EXECUTED. BUT FIRST, THE COUNT MADE HIS ANNOUNCE-  
MENT...

NO! NO!  
RETURN TO  
FRANCE!



WE HAVE  
BEEN AWAY  
LONG  
ENOUGH!



WE HAVE  
NOT SEEN  
OUR FAMILIES  
IN TWO  
YEARS!



WE WILL  
NOT SAIL  
BACK TO  
MARTINIQUE!



SHUT UP,  
YOU PIGS!  
YOU WILL  
FOLLOW  
ORDERS! YOU  
WILL DO AS  
YOU ARE TOLD!



AND AS FOR TRAITORS...  
FOR THOSE WHO DO  
NOT WANT TO FOLLOW  
ORDERS...THIS IS WHAT  
HAPPENS TO THEM!  
KEEL HAUL THEM!



NO!  
NO!  
OH,  
LOUIS!

SUDDENLY, EMILE LEAPED FORWARD, PULLING HIS SWORD. THIS WAS THE MOMENT HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...



THE ENRAGED AND INCITED CREW STORMED THE QUARTER DECK, AS EMILE TURNED AND RAN AN OFFICER THROUGH.



EXACTLY, MY DEAR BROTHER! WISE SAILORS OF FRANCE! SAVE YOURSELVES! OUT DOWN THE OPPRESSORS! KILL! KILL!

EMILE

THE LIEUTENANT IS RIGHT! LET'S GET THEM! THE MOMENT IS AT HAND!



IN A MOMENT, THE DECK OF THE MON ST. LOUIS WAS A SCENE OF UTTER CONFUSION. MUSKETS WERE FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE, BLOWING FACES INTO RED SMEARS. CLUBS, SWORDS, DUMBS, BELATING PINS AND BARE HANDS TORE AT FLESH, CRUSHED BONE, AND SPLATTERED BLOOD...



EMILE SCREAMED THEM ON, FIGHTING BLINDLY. FINALLY, HE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH HIS BROTHER, THE COUNT, CHARLES. HE RAISED HIS PISTOLS...



AN HOUR LATER, THE MUTINY WAS OVER. THE LAST BOY HAD BEEN CAST INTO THE SEA AND THE NEW COUNT DEVISNY STOOD ON THE QUARTERDECK, IN COMMAND OF THE *SON-OF-LORDS*.

THE BOAT IS *FOURS* NOW, COUNT! SO WE PROCEED TO FRANCE!

WHERE *FLUFF*? BREAK OPEN THE *WINE STOCKS*! DRINK YOUR FILL! WE HAVE MUCH TO CELEBRATE! YOU... YOUR LIVES! I... MY NEW WEALTH AND TITLE!

THAT NIGHT, BEFORE RETIRING, THE NEW COUNT HAD A VISITOR.

THE WHOLE CREW IS HAPPILY DRUNK, SIRE. THANKS TO YOU!

AND MY FRIEND? THE GRATITUDE IS ALL MINE, BELIEVE ME! OH, WILL YOU SET THOSE *LOGS* ON THE DECK THERE SO THAT IN THE MORNING BEFORE WE *DOCK*, I CAN FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH ALL OF MY DEAR DEAD BROTHER'S *RECORDS*?

THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE CREW SANG HAPPILY ON DECK, EMILE PORED OVER THE *LOGS*.

SUDDENLY...

NO! GOOD LORD! NO! MATE! MATE! TORN THE *SHIP* AROUND! WE CAN'T *DOCK* AT *CHERBOURG*! WE CAN'T... *DOCK*!

BUT, SIRE! WE'VE ALREADY *DOCKED*! AND THESE MEN ARE HERE TO *SEE* YOU!

COUNT CHARLES DEVISNY! THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL HEREBY ORDERS YOUR IMMEDIATE ARREST AND EXECUTION BY THE GUILLOTINE AS AN ARISTOCRAT AND AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.

SIGNED...

NO, NO! WAIT! I AM NOT COUNT CHARLES DEVISNY! I AM HIS BROTHER... EMILE! I AM A *WOODY*! CHARLES IS ALREADY DEAD! HE... HE...

THEN... SINCE YOUR BROTHER IS DEAD, THE TITLE IS *YOURS*! YOU ARE COUNT DEVISNY NOW! TAKE HIM AWAY!

ALL THROUGH HIS TRIAL AND IMPRISONMENT, UP TO THE VERY INSTANT HE WENT UNDER THE RAZOR SHARP KNIFE OF THE GUILLOTINE, EMILE COULD SEE IT SO CLEARLY... THAT VERY LAST ENTRY IN THE *SON-OF-LORDS* *LOG*... IN HIS BROTHER'S HAND...

December 16, 1793...

The Captain of the ocean's great ships ordered me that to land on Cherbourg is death. The *Revolution* has fallen. The Royal Family has been executed and the Aristocrats are being guillotined! Our only chance is to return to Marseilles. If the news were to reach that the *Revolution* has been overthrown, they would surely seize the *Ben St. Jovial*! I will tell truth about it tonight. He must control the news! He is the only one I can trust...

FAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH SHHH

THE END







# Tell Me What You Want Money For... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

**EASY TO EARN \$50 TO \$150 AND  
MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!**

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else—just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

## YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for your 'round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really sells itself. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

## GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!

## RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. E. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS

4034-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 306, Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment  
☐ New Clothes  
☐ Toys Uniforms  
☐ Home Theater  
☐ Portable Radio  
☐ Camera

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and complete list of assortment ON FREE TRIAL.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

(If for a club, give its name below.)

Daytime Phone: \_\_\_\_\_



MR. E. J. STUART  
President of Stuart Greetings,  
Has Helped Thousands Make  
Good Money!



## SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



That is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Sport items, Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

I made \$21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. I receive and love these beautiful greeting cards and it is a pleasure to show and sell them.  
C.R.P., Norfolk, California



**STUART GREETINGS, INC.**

4034-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 306, Chicago 40, Ill.

## You Practice **SERVICING** with Kits I Send You

Motting takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many valuable components to Radio or Television. With my Networking Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multimeter and use it to help make 100,000 a week doing sets in spare time while those at All right send in yours to learn. Cycles before will bring back of important facts. It shows what equipment you build.



## You Practice BROADCASTING

As part of my Communications Course I send you periodically to build my power Broadcasting Transmitter of life. Give it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. As FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My recommendations Course takes you to get your license. Mind expansion. Check shows of my company you build for successful communication.

## I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a **RADIO-TELEVISION** Technician



## TELEVISION

### Making Jobs, Prosperity



**America's Fast Growing Industry  
Offers You Good Pay, Success**

Training. PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY job. PROMOTED When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys CREATOR SECURITY. We're growing rapidly, need you and your family more of the better things of the Market, bigger than ever with over 3,000,000 broadcasting stations and more than 100 MILLION sets now and 300 million in reserve, 1950. Still.

## N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

## I TRAINED THESE MEN



<sup>1</sup>Ann. Inaugural address  
reported in N.Y.T. Hearst  
on personal stop of my life  
was when I married mother  
<sup>2</sup>U.S. — House of Representatives  
Madison, D. District



"While my first \$100 loan gave him work before I finished my studies. Now I average better than \$10 a week, again free." —Hugie Boon, Leavenworth



Don Thomas, Anthony Park, New Jersey



I should know a thing about Baden. There is a good job in Baden. Stay over at RIMM! — Bill Gabello, General City Inspector



1992-1993  
1994-1995  
1996-1997

2014 Chief Technology  
 Officer, City  
 Operations, Pennsylvania  
 Municipal Police  
 Association

Remote Control Operator, SERVICE  
 1960 Home and Auto Radio, Televis-  
 ion Receivers, FM Radio, 4 & 8 Spe-  
 cers IN RADIO PLANTS Design  
 Assisted Technicians, Tester, Ser-  
 vices, Service Manager, SHIP-  
 AND HARBOR RADIO Com-  
 Operator, Radio Telephone Oper-  
 for GOVERNMENT RADIO Op-  
 eration as Army, Navy, Marine Corps,  
 Fantasy Service, Defense Agency,  
 Radio Operator, AIRPORT RADIO, and  
 Transmitter Technician, Receiver  
 Technician, Airport Transmitter,  
 Operator, TELEVISION, Public  
 Operator, Television Techni-  
 cian, Remote Control Operator



**Start Soon to Make \$70, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

My training is personal, complete, is backed by 44 years of personal training and of course, my well-thought-out lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed lists of "songs to sing" things you need from the lessons. I start sending you approved handouts that show you how to fit into the day you need. Make sure you build with my parts before you discover and correct, or I wouldn't help you make money from neighbors who sit at home while training. Many make \$10,000 a week doing this way.

### Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

And now to get more of the good things of life, I need actual lessons to prove NRI income winning is practical through. My 66 page book, How to be a Success in Radio-Television, shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives successful facts about using radio/television as a money

AVAILABLE  
to all qualified  
**VETERANS**  
UNDER 65 YEARS

**Good for Both - FREE**

asked if it would be possible to have a copy of the National Health Institute Washington D.C. Manual on Sample Surveys sent to his page. The publisher will mail three copies of

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**VETS** more in debt  
of discharge



# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



*Charles Atlas*

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